

Chen Beacon



January 1923

1891



1923

This powerful institution's
superstructure of efficiency
and service is built upon ex-
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facilities and large
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TWENTY-FIFTH STREET



To
MISS MARY WYNNE JONES
Our faithful teacher, counselor and friend, we
affectionately dedicate this volume
of "The Beacon."



FRED. M. ALEXANDER,
Principal

PRINCIPAL'S PAGE

A wise man once said that nothing is permanent but that which is constantly changing. Our bodies continue to grow as long as we live. Some of us retard the growth of our minds because we do not continue to study and to think after we leave school. The world suffers terribly from this slothful attitude.

My message to you is that you choose "growth" and "self-control" as the watchwords of your life. Holmes and Kipling have given beautiful inspiration to this thought, in the following lines:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresisting sea!"
Holmes: THE CHAMBERED NATULIS.

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or, being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!"

Kipling's IF.

Fred McAlwender

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Miner Carl Andrews

Vice-President.....Raymond W. Edwards

Secretary and Treasurer.....Grace Goodwin Giannotti

Class Motto: "Ascende etsi saxa sint aspera."
("Climb, though the rocks be rugged.")

Class Color: Pink Rosebuds.

Class Colors: Purple and Silver.

CLASS ROLL

Miner Carl Andrews
Powell Marion Beatty
Elizabeth Landon Berkeley
Mary Catherine Blanton
Ira Franklin Bowles
Josephine H. Bridgman
Dorothy Hugh Brown
Margaret Chandler
Martha R. Chapin
J. Gilbert Church
Charles Lee Cohen
Sarah Virginia Daughtrey
D. Butler Daughtrey
Ethel Rennie Davis
Gladys Edwards
Raymond W. Edwards
Josephine Agnes Garriss
Grace Goodwin Giannotti
Ethel Lorena Hilling
Myra Lucile Hunnicutt
Sadie Evelyn Levinson

Freeda Harriett Levy
Myrtha Mozelle Long
Helen Gretna Mallicotte
Robert Milton Massenburg
Mavis Estella Maupin
Mary Allene Miller
Ella Charlotte Nachman
James Dickerson Palmer
Daniel Henry Patrick
Nathan Norman Patz
Mary Colgin Parker
George Walker Pierce
William Wolfe Radin
Selma Jean Scoll
Evelyn McIvor Snead
Marie Greig Snidow
Mildred Gray Wall
Felix Wilton Weinhold
Alexander Ronald Wills
Cecil Florene Wright

CLASS POEM

THE CROWN OF LIFE

Here on the threshold of a new and waiting world
That beckons to the sons of men across the seas of Life,
On thy childhood paths, pause yet awhile in reverence
And look upon the long and weary way that lies before.
That Life is only what we choose to make it,
Though judgment there is often thought unfair
And takes a man for what he's not, we must not waver there.
The thing that matters in that worldly strife,
Is what we are, what we do, to serve our fellow men.
The God of opportunity serves every man alike
And we must watch and wait to meet him at the door,
For the path of Life is long and steep; our goal is where we put it.
An idle Life is a useless thing and a thorn to God who gave it,
So may we take our humble talents and use them in the fight,
That stirs within the souls of men to mark the sands of time
Not with the swords of conquerors, nor with the pens of rhyme,
Not with the stirring words of fame, nor with a golden crown;
But with those things that help our friends, our service to mankind.
And may we live and do, that when at last
The golden trumpet of the Judgment Day
Sounds o'er the plains of Death,
And God, the keeper of the one, great roll,
Unfolds the Book of Life before the throne,
And calls us for our talents to account,
We shall not answer with a score-less plate,
But bearing with us service from across the trackless sea,
Shall take the crown; a fight well fought, a deed well done.

—CARL ANDREWS, Class Poet.

MINER CARL ANDREWS

"Carl"

"He thought, and so thought they all,
He said—and so 'twas done."

Editor-in-Chief Beacon Annual, '23.
Associate Editor Beacon, '22, '23.
Class President, '21, '22, '23.
President French Club, '22, '23.
Annual Play, '21, '22.
Student Council, '21.
Philolethian Debating Team, '22.
Second Vice-President Latin Club, '21.
Beacon Delegate, V. I. P. C., '22.
Debater's Council, '22.
Latin Play, '21.
Home Room Representative, '20.
Class Plays.
Class Poet.

You can see by the above record that Carl has been one of the most popular boys of our school, as well as of our class.

He is the happy combination of a leader and a good sport, ready to work for the betterment of the school and always ready to take his part in the merry-making.

Carl thinks much and well. He profits in all his classes by getting the best out of them for he is industrious. The school loses one of its most versatile students and Carl takes with him the good will and best wishes of the school for success, no matter what his undertakings may be.

ELIZABETH LANDON BERKELEY

"Follow your honest convictions
and be strong."

Critic Eureka Literary Society, '22,
'23.

Class come to order! Miss Berkeley has the floor! Yes, she has the floor, for she must always have her say be it wise or otherwise.

"Lil" has her opinions and convictions and she's not afraid to stand up and defend them. That is why we like her. Perhaps she likes to have her foolishness but what would life be without its wit and fun to relieve the dreary hours of study and toil?





MARY CATHERINE BLANTON
"Cataline"

"Her voice was ever soft,
An excellent thing in woman."

Class Plays.

Give Catherine a Caesar and she's perfectly happy. But never start an argument about the value of Latin to the human race or she will just naturally make you believe that it is indispensable to the students, and that it is a privilege to study it. Just the same Catherine is a good student and she never wastes a moment in foolishness. If you do not believe us, look at her report card. Those marks would give us heart failure if by chance they ever appeared upon our cards.

IRA FRANKLIN BOWLES
"Monk"

"Man delights me not, no, nor woman
either."

Class Plays.

Monk is not a Math. shark as some would fain believe, but he's a good scout anyway, and we don't see how we'll get along without him. He likes to make us think that he is a confirmed pessimist but we're mighty hard to convince. Whether we get A's or E's, the world will still move on, and we know that Monk will be right there with us, lending a helping hand and always with his care-free grin.





JOSEPHINE W. BRIDGMAN

"I spread my books, my pencil try."

Vice-President Latin Club, '21.

Second Honor Student.

Studying is Josephine's strong department. She is always prepared to recite no matter what be the length of the lesson. Some say she's dignified, but there they are wrong, for she's always ready to lend a hand, to translate some hard lines or explain this and that. We admire her stateliness of grace for it bespeaks of knowledge and power that too few possess.

HUGH BROWN

"Chic"

"He was a man, take him all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

President Student Council, '22, '23.

Vice-President Philolethian Literary Society, '22, '23.

Football, '21, '22.

"Chic" is a real athlete and one of the best the "Old High" has ever had. At halfback he is famous for his great end runs and for his unequalled power on the defense. Not only in athletics is he popular for he is one of the best liked fellows in school. As the President of the Student Council he has proved a capable leader of his fellow students.

"Chic" makes his personality felt wherever he goes. Everyone likes him and is proud to know him.

Here's wishing him success. May he make many touchdowns in the game of Life!





MARGARET CHANDLER

"A woman's hair is her crowning glory."

Did someone ask a question? No. That was only Margaret talking. She can ask more questions in one period than we can think of in a week.

Whether she expects them all to be answered we don't know, but it does not seem to bother her. We all love Margaret because she is always ready for fun and a good time. She is the best sport we know. Be there lessons or foolishness, she is right in the midst of it. Margaret don't like public speaking, but that doesn't prove that she can't talk.

Everyone loves her curly hair and if such were possible we're afraid someone would steal it.

MARTHA R. CHAPIN

"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."

Assistant Secretary Eureka Literary Society, '22, '23.

Class Secretary, '20.

Treasurer French Club, '21, '22.

President Biology Club, '22, '23.

Class Plays.

Martha is the little sunshine of our class. No matter what be the trouble she always has a smile which drives away our frowns in a jiffy. Maybe that smile is what makes her so popular. We don't know for sure, for Martha has many admirers in the school. Indeed, judging from her following in the stronger sex, you might call it "The Siege of Seven Suitors."

We're sure of one thing, though, we all like Martha and we are mighty sorry to lose her.





J. GILBERT CHURCH

"Good sense and good nature must
ever join."

Home Room Representative, '21.

Home Room President, '20, '21, '22.

Class Plays.

Third Honor Student.

Gilbert has only been in our class one year but he is one of the bunch. We all like his sincere manner and quiet ways. Although he never has much to say, when he does say something it is worth listening to. Now don't get the idea that he wears a long face, for he can be the jolliest of the crowd when there is any fun going on. He has the qualities of a successful worker, and he knows how to use his ability, that's why we sorry to see him go.

CHARLES LEE COHEN

"Charlie"

"Describe him who can."

Annual Play, '19, '20, '21, '22.

Vice-President Class, '21.

Joke Editor Beacon, '22, '23.

Representative Reader Philolethian Literary Society, '22.

Scrap Bag, '23.

Sergeant-of-Arms French Club, '23.

Program Committee Philolethian Literary Society, '22.

Class Plays.

Here is the "Little Giant" of our class. Charlie is one of the best known students that has ever left the "Old High." As an actor he has no peer. There have been only two four-year men in the Dramatic Club and Charles is one of them. As a comedian he is a "side-buster." Many times have we laughed at him till we have nearly choked. No matter where he is, Charlie is the general favorite. Perhaps he likes to kick up a fuss a little too much, but if he didn't, he would not be Charlie. So having gone through four years of happy, care-free, and perhaps boisterous school life, we say farewell to the one and only Charles Cohen, wishing him the best of luck in Life's course. May he carry happiness and fun wherever he goes.



**ETHEL RENNIE DAVIS**

"She excells where others fail."

Home Room Representative, '22.

Ethel is a real hard worker, in fact, she might take as her motto "Deeds not Words." She always has the interest of the class at heart and works for its betterment. Ethel also has the rare ability to make A's on many subjects, among which is Latin. But Cicero and Virgil hold no terrors for her. We know she will succeed in whatever she does.

SARAH VIRGINIA DAUGHTREY

"Via"

"Modesty seldom resides in a heart not enriched by noble virtues."

Class Creed, '23.

Class Plays.

Second Honor Student.

"Via" is one of the sweetest characters of our class. To watch her gentle movements, her dainty bows and hear her soft voice carries us back to the old Colonial days of Virginia. There is nothing so difficult but what "Via" is ready to help and solve the trouble. We all love her for it and we know what we are losing for she has no equal.





B. BUTLER DAUGHTREY

"His music doth our hearts enthrall."

Orchestra, '19, '20, '21, '22.

Class Photographer, '23.

Class Plays.

Have you ever heard Butler play that violin? Then you have missed a great treat as well as a privilege, for he is a musical genius. Butler is also a camera expert, that's why we'll let him snap us. You could look and search from Pole to Pole and you would never find a more jovial and entertaining companion than he.

GLADYS EDWARDS

"Better than riches and worldly
wealth,
Is a heart that is always jolly."

Song Leader First Assembly, '22,
'23.

Class Plays.

Home Room Representative, '22, '23.

Gladys is mighty prone to take things as they come. She never worries about them in the least and if you ever are in Room 1, you can hear her merry laugh. Gladys and the mirror in the cloak room are close friends, at least she is always looking at it. But, there! don't let us kid you, Gladys, you're one of the best of sports and your going is a great loss.



RAYMOND W. EDWARDS

"Ray"

"Let us have music, my feet stand not still."

Class Vice-President, '22, '23.

President Philoethian Literary Society, '22, '23.

Business Manager February Annual, '23.

Class Plays.

Here's our famous "Sheik." "Ray" is just the kind of a fellow all the girls fall for. If you don't believe it you ought to investigate a little. And can he dance? Well, say! When Ray hears the jazz begin, his feet start to moving and there—he's gone! Ray has made a fine president of the Philoethians and he is a good business man so we know that he will succeed.



JOSEPHINE AGNES GARRIS

"A maid of athletic trend."

Volley Ball Manager, '22.

Josephine likes volley ball and her chief trouble is getting the other girls to do the same. She is always a hard worker in school and out, so it's not her fault that Room 1 doesn't have a team of champions. Keep up the good work, Josephine, some day we hope to hear great things of you.





GRACE GOODWIN GIANNOTTI

"With temper calm and mild and words of softened tone."

Class Secretary and Treasurer, '21, '22, '23.

Program Committee Philolethian Literary Society, '22, '23.

Grace is the most dependable girl we know. When we want to know something or do something, it's Grace who is ready to help us out. She has had about the hardest job we had to give her, that of Treasurer, but she has filled it to perfection. We know Mrs. Lake will miss her, for Grace has given the best of her service to the Commercial Room. But for all of that we shall miss her most, for only we can understand what we have lost.

ETHEL LORENA HILLING

"As merry as the day is long."

Here is our little maid of cheer and laughter. Lorena has a most sunny disposition and is so sincere and obliging we just can't help but love her. We often hear Lorena's voice lifted in protest against long assignments in French and English, but just the same she generally does the work like the rest of us. We wish there were many more like her for if there were this would be a brighter and more happy place.



**MYRA LUCILE HUNNICUTT**

"If she will, she will, and you can depend on it."

Secretary Student Council, '22, '23.

Treasurer French Club, '22, '23.

Secretary Philolethian Literary Society, '22, '23.

Assistant Secretary Philolethian Literary Society, '22.

Home Room Representative, '20.

Laughter is a most healthful exertion and Lucile is well aware of that fact. In the corridors, in the assembly and everywhere her merry laugh can be heard. She's a fine pal and classmate and we're afraid we are losing her in more ways than one, for her heart has gone astray since she has been among us.

SADIE EVELYN LEVINSON

"Chatter, chatter, all day long."

If Sadie were unable to speak we are afraid it would be an awful tragedy. If there is any one special thing Sadie loves to do it is to talk. But don't think that her talk is all foolishness, for she is somewhat of a thinker and a philosopher or a philosopher-ess or whatever you call it. We are going to miss her but we know that she is going to attain her mark in life.



**FREEDA HARRIETT LEVY**

"There lies a deal of deviltry beneath this mild exterior."

Freeda looks very mild, innocent and quiet, but just get her started once and change your mind. She is ever ready for a good time and when it comes to kicking up the sand you'll find Freeda not far off. Her pet hobby is throwing slang, especially in English class; but when there's work to be done she is another girl altogether, in fact she's the "perfection of efficiency."

MYRTHA MOZELLE LONG

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Treasurer Philoethian Literary Society, '22, '23.

Critic Philoethian Literary Society '22, '23.

Class Plays.

Myrtha is both a good mixer and true classmate. She has a smile and a good word for everyone and we have learned to love her little kindnesses. She is also a good student, which none can doubt after seeing her report card. And can she play the piano? Say! you ought to hear her sometime. When she runs her nimble fingers over the keys we just naturally lose our hearts in the beauty of the music. We shall miss her in "Old Room 1."



**HELEN GREтна MALLICOTTE**

"An open-hearted maiden, true
and pure."

Gretna is a very retiring yet essential member of our old class. She can do just as much mischief as the rest of us but she doesn't make near so much noise. In fact you'd scarcely suspect she was about if it was not for her funny remarks and her divine smile. After careful observation we must remark that her smiles are not bestowed upon her classmates alone. But that's alright, Gretna, we'll be sorry to lose you.

ROBERT MILTON MASSENBURG
"Eddie" "Milt"

"A man's a man for a' that."

Advertising Manager Annual, '23.
Home Room Representative, '21, '22.
Home Room President, '20.

"Eddie" or "Milt" as we affectionately call him, is the best-all-round fellow in the class. His stock of jokes and stories is infinite and he keeps us all chuckling most of the time. He's a fine sport and companion and there is none more obliging or willing to help than "Eddie." As a student he is hard to beat for he has brains and certainly knows how to use them. We only wish that some of those A's would come our way occasionally. We know that when "Milt" gets behind a thing it's got to move, so we have no doubts of his success in the world.



**MAVIS ESTELLA MAUPIN**

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Mavis meets all her work and play with a smile that is seldom missing from her happy face. Her philosophy is to worry about nothing, take things as they come, and let others worry if they want to. We all have a place for her in our hearts that will seem very bare when she leaves.

MARY ALLENE MILLER

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Allene is not given much to making lengthy remarks about those things that take place around her but everything she says has a meaning and is generally full of wit. It may be that her few inches has something to do with it but we are sure that what she lacks in height is made up for by her excellent sense of humor and good fellowship.





ELLA CHARLOTTE NACHMAN

"Cheerful and pleasant as a babbling brook."

A funny girl is Ella. At times she is as quiet as our Caesar recitation period and again she chatters and giggles without ceasing. In class we never hear much from her, but when she is among her friends she is always talking and expressing her opinions. Ella has only been with us a year, but she leaves a place that will be hard to fill when she's gone.

JAMES DICKERSON PALMER

"Jimmy"

"Take all of Virginia, but leave me Lynchburg."

Vice-President Mathematical Club.
'22, '23.

Here is our Arrow Collar man: James is always dressed to perfection and everything must be just so. Jimmy looks very dignified, but don't judge people by their looks, for he is one of the best fellows in the crowd. His favorite pastime is spending holidays in Lynchburg. You wouldn't believe it but he is a French shark, too. Jimmy sure can "Parlez-vous;" it makes us feel envious to tell the truth, especially about time for report cards to be given out. So long, James, may you ever be the same good-natured fellow we have known in High School.





MAY COLGIN PARKER

"A feather for every wind that blows."

May is our old reliable when it comes to good times. She is a good sport and is everybody's friend and willing helper. Her pet eversion is lessons but we're all that way more or less. And say, can't she wink a wicked eye? The boys sure have to step carefully when she's around. But just the same we wouldn't trade May for all the world and we don't know how we will get along without her.

DANIEL HENRY PATRICK

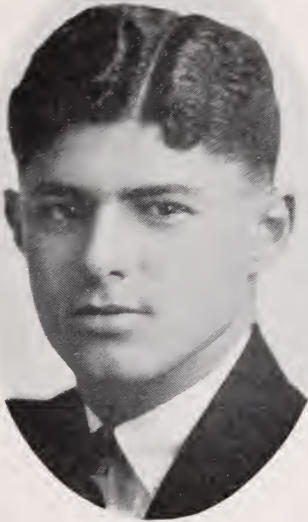
"Dan"

"A man o' independent mind."

Class Plays.

You might think, to look at Dan's name that he is descended from a long line of statesmen and orators. Well, maybe he is, but he has surely lost their tenacity for serious speech. If any one has knowledge of a good joke that our friend Dan has not heard we will award him the cast iron life preserver. We believe it's impossible. It's Dan's opinion that nothing is ever new, especially a joke, but the funny part of it is that he always laughs at every one of them.





NATHAN NORMAN PATZ

"Norman"

"The curls of Adonis and the silvery words of fame."

Baseball, '22.

President Philolethian Literary Society, '22.

Rep. Declaimer Philolethian Lit. Soc., '22.

Philolethian Debating Team, '22, '23.

Critic Philolethian Lit. Soc., '20, '21.

Debaters Council, '22, '23.

Program Committee, Philolethian Literary Society, '21, '22—(Chairman).

Class Vice-President, '20.

Home Room Representative, '20.

Class Prophet.

Class Plays.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen. The Orators of the past would turn green with envy to hear this fellow. His greatness comes also from the fact that he is able to debate. Ye gods! How he can argue! Nathan has been one of the leaders in the Literary Society ever since he entered school. Not only in these has he shone, for you should see him cavorting around the old initial sack. "A born first baseman" you would say. Yes, sir, this would be some school if only we had a few more like him.

GEORGE WALKER PIERCE

"Pierce"

"A fellow of infinite jest."

Home Room Representative, '22.

Class Will.

Here is the class jester. "Pierce" always has a good joke or a funny story on hand and he tells them solemnly, without cracking a smile. That makes it all the better. His witty remarks in French and English classes keep us all snickering. George is a jolly good fellow, the kind everybody likes and loves to know. You may search the rest of your days but you will never find another just like him.





WILLIAM WOLFE RADIN
"Willie"

"Knowledge is all-powerful."

Valedictorian.

Home Room President, '20, '21.

Latin Play, '21.

Class Historian.

Willie's hard study and search for knowledge has not been in vain, for behold! he stands at the head of the class. He braved the perils of Latin to the end after most of us had dropped out. His toil has won its reward and we love him for it. May he succeed in life as well as he has here. His ambition is to be a lawyer, but if he does not talk any more than he has here—. But that's alright, Willie, don't let us kid you. We know you'll get there.

SELMA JEAN SCOLL

"She is pretty to walk with;
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."

The above remarks were attributed by a certain member of the class whose name we wont mention (what's the use?) Selma is indeed an enjoyable and pleasing companion and she can say witty things when and where they do the most good. We all like Selma for many reasons, too numerous to mention, but there is one who has an option on that.



**EVELYN McIVOR SNEAD**

"'Tis the modest star that shineth best."

Evelyn has always been retiring and modest. We never hear much from her but somehow we always feel the blessing of her presence. She is another of Mrs. Lake's willing helpers in the Commercial Room. She is always giving sunshine in the darkest places and in the gloom of studies, and that is why we all love her so.

MARIE GREIG SNIDOW

"A smile is the language of the soul."

Marie only came to us last year but she has won a place in our hearts with her charming smile and cheerful countenance. She comes in the Camp Eustis truck every morning and she is never late and always she brings her smile. We have learned to like her and we would like to keep her all the time.





MILDRED GRAY WALL

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

Class Plays.

Mildred is the sort of a girl who never talks much and never thrusts her presence upon us, but the crowd would not be complete without her. She has not been known to say anything about anybody unless she has something good to say. Mildred is an ideal girl. We wish there were many more of her.

FELIX WILTON WEINHOLD

"A man may smile and smile and be a villain still."

Something was sure overlooked when this school was built. They should have installed beds in all class rooms for the benefit of tired students. Felix is about the laziest boy we know, and yet he's the best natured, easy-going boy in the whole crowd. One cannot help liking him with his grin and cheerful optimism towards his lessons.



**CECILE FLORENE WRIGHT**

"A sunny disposition is half the battle."

Do you hear that steady giggle which comes from the back of the room? Well, do a little investigating and you will find it comes from Cecile. Lessons have no terrors for her. She looks them in the face and laughs them away. Her smiles have not gone astray for we fear she has lost her heart since we have had her.

ALEXANDER RONALD WILLS

"Rony"

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead and do it."

Student Council, '21, '22.

Vice-President Philolethian Literary Society, '22.

Class Presentation.

"Rony" is slow but sure. He does not waste any effort—he even laughs that way. And when he gets started on something he will not quit till it's settled right. "Rony" is not especially brilliant but he stands out above the rest as a hard worker and a leader of his fellows. We hate to see him leave the old school.



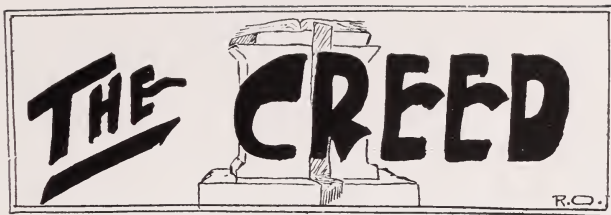


POWELL MARION BEATTY

"Laugh, sing and be merry, for
to-morrow comes the test."

Football, '22.

Powell is one of the best natured fellows we know. He's never in a rush or hurry but he always seems to get there. We often envy him his quiet and care-free manner of meeting trouble. In class he is conspicuous by his absence. It's our honest opinion that lessons never bother him in the least and we often wish we could feel the same way. Powell is a good fellow whom we all like and are sorry to lose.



We, the Seniors of nineteen twenty-three, have for the past four years traveled the path of High School achievements. Sometimes we tired of the ceaseless effort but, as a whole, it has been a pleasant journey. As we look back, we do not regret that sunshine and shadow mingled. Each has done its part in strengthening us for the future. Our experiences have greatly helped us in preparing to give to the world the best we have and to make the best of returns, as we travel the Highway of Life.

As a unit, we believe in our student body as the material from which our country may expect the best citizenship.

We believe in and sincerely endorse the activities of our school. The literary societies, orchestra, **Beacon**, and athletics have been great factors in the development of self expression.

We believe in friendship which casts a thousand rays of love, hope and peace to all around us.

We believe in our State, Virginia. May we ever uphold the beautiful tradition and lofty principles of the Old Dominion.

We believe in our country as the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Finally, we believe in God, the heavenly Father who shapes our destinies.

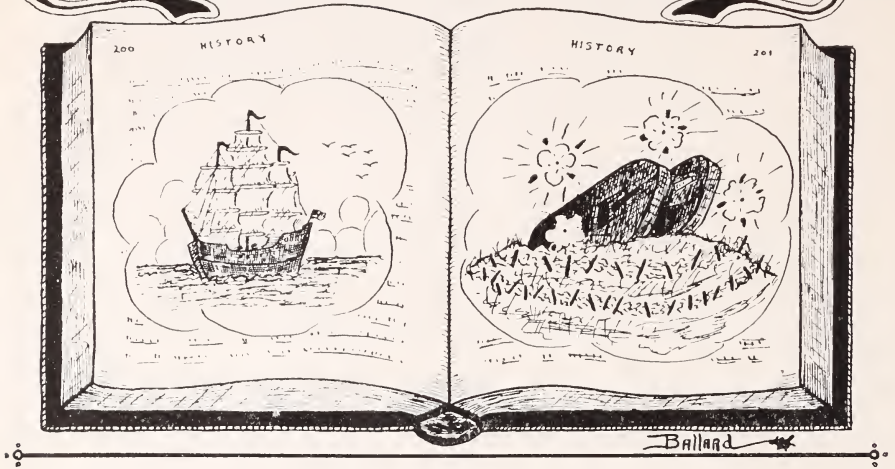
We pay our highest respects to Mr. F. M. Alexander, the thoughtful guide of the Newport News High School.

We hold in esteem our sympathetic friend, Miss Howison, from whom we have never failed to receive encouragement and wise counsel.

It is our wish to thank the faculty for installing in us high ideals of life, and for surrounding us with moral influences which have been instrumental in forming character, the cornerstone of civilization and progress. For we realize as did Horace Greely, that "Fame is vapor, popularity an accident, riches takes wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow; only one thing endures—character." We hope that this influence for good will grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength until it becomes a beacon to those who pass our way.

VIRGINIA DAUGHTREY,
February, '23.

Class History.



Forget the present, friends, and let your thoughts wander back to the Fall of 1918. This year the trustees of the city presented the students a new building, in which to house their shrine of learning. The building was named the Newport News High School.

On a certain September day, in the same year, a group of eighty-five students entered the seventh grade which was then the only elementary class in this building. This class set their tasks to complete the elementary studies, and to advance, with renewed strength and understanding into the famed halls of learning, our dear High School, the second semester.

This group was to become the learned class of February 1923. The pep and spirit of the High had already manifested itself into our very souls. This class also played a great factor in keeping home the 1918 State Football Championship to the credit of the Gold and Blue.

During this period, a magazine was published, which was instituted under the name of "The Beacon" whose light should pour out the news of the school to the other like institutions of the country. This famed class helped in the publishing of the first edition of the **Beacon** and still keeps bright the light, that guides our footsteps in the right paths. The **Beacon** is one of the great assets to our dear Alma Mater.

The shining class of 1923, having achieved its success in the seventh grade, did enter upon the threshold of a newer life, the second semester, with the same roll of eighty-five students.

Our group was not molested by the upper classmen with afflictions as had been spent upon the incoming freshmen preceding us, for that spirit, which was inculcated in the High School had reached its heights within us.

In pursuit of their respective studies, the class was divided into groups—one taking Latin, and the other taking science. In a few days the class began its work and determined to see it through.

It was in that first year, when the Government issued the Victory Liberty Loan Bonds. The selling of these bonds was put up to the schools of the city. Our class took an active part in this duty and sold more loan subscriptions to the public than any other group in the High School. For this service a "Helmet-the Kaiser" was presented the class. In every undertaking our class was successful.

And so the first year was passed, in days that will never be forgotten.

The year later found us safely landed in the Sophomore Class. The Latin group glided through Caesar's Gallic Campaigns, while on the other hand the Science group took up Biology. In the English classes, we held numerous debates and we became well acquainted with current events of the day. In Ancient History we converted the pagans into Christians. Although we carried a heavy curriculum in our second year, we conquered these studies successfully.

Each year brought out its changes. We passed into the Junior class. The class roll decreased. Members dropped out for various causes while other joined our ranks. Great responsibilities were thrust upon us. It was in this year that our social activities were begun. Parties and similar functions brought the class together in a more friendly atmosphere. Our course of study was again divided. Some took French language and others took up typewriting.

Also, in this year our Literary Societies took a prominent part in public speaking throughout the schools of the state. Triangle debates were held between the schools. For the first time, the State Declamation Contest was held in the Newport News High School.

The students of the High School advanced a step forward in self-government. A council composed of ten representatives from the different grades, in addition to two representatives from each room—a boy and girl, respectively, was organized to advance self-expression from the student body at large. Each student has the full privilege of expressing his views on all vital matters of importance to the school. Another equal purpose for such a council is to interest each and every student to do his duty in taking better care of the environments around us and in making the Newport News High School a beautiful, cleaner and more fit house in which to study our life lessons. The Council has already carried out its program effectively, and will always be a medium of drawing the students into closer friends.

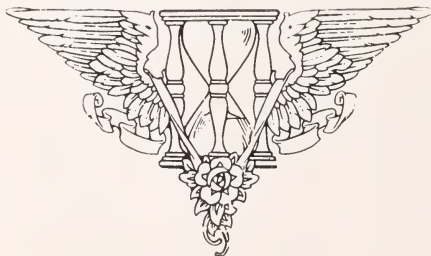
After passing all examinations, we stepped upon the threshold of our final year. At last we were mighty Seniors. A new atmosphere was noticeable among our numbers and members of the class held their heads high for they were now the leaders of the school.

Officers were elected for the Senior year. Then began the afternoon sessions with plans to make final preparations for the grand commencement exercises. Many things were cleared up and the many functions of our program were distributed among different groups of the class. The different departments of the commencement issue of the **Beacon** were put in charge of various ones.

In all our school affairs the famed class of 1923 has been most active. We have participated in Athletics and in the Literary activities. Our class has given football and baseball material to the success of the school. The Literary activities of the school claim an orator of deserving merit from our ranks. The **Beacon** claims members on the staff who are unexcelled in their capacities. A number of our artists of dramatic quality have displayed their talents in the annual dramas which have been presented to the public. The orchestra lays a claim to one of the most talented violinists in the school. In every phase of school life our class has contributed greatly to its success.

So, while our object has been to graduate and receive the most coveted parchment, we would betray the best that is in us if we were to overlook the spirit of friendship which we have developed unconsciously day by day. We regret that we will no longer enter these famed halls of learning as students. As we go out in life and play our parts in whatever scope for which we are fitted, our thoughts will never grow dim as we recall the days we spent beneath its folds, and the many lessons we learned from our books, our daily observation, and our close relationship with a most capable faculty and competent principal. May Providence direct the students who enter these halls of learning after us, in the same paths through which she has directed us for the past four years of life spent in the Newport News High School.

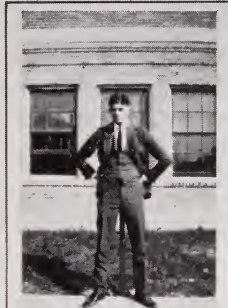
WILLIAM WOLFE RADIN,
Class Historian, 23.



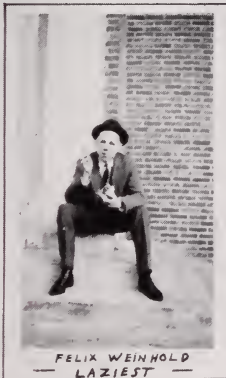
FEBRUARY



1923



NATHAN PATZ
— MOST ORIGINAL —



FELIX WEINHOLD
— LAZIEST —



"CHIC"
BROWN
— MOST ATHLETIC —



GEORGE PIERCE
— MOST HANDSOME —



CHARLIE COHEN
— FUNNIEST —



WILLIAM RABIN
— MOST STUDIOUS —



CARL ANDREWS
— MOST POPULAR & DEPENDABLE —

ANDREWS & DAUGHTREY



We, the class of February, 1923, this day do set our hand and seal to the following bequests and fond endowments.

The class desires that those coming into the following possessions will receive them in a good naturedly and cheerful way, for in such a way do we give them.

Item I. We devise and bequeath to our faculty, who have been our everlasting friends, untiring and faithful instructors, our very best appreciation for all they have done.

Item II. We give our esteemed principal our sincerest love and gratitude and wish him still greater success in his constant work for the "Old High."

Item III. To Miss Howison, our hope that she will always have success in whatever she undertakes. We thank her for each great help she has given us toward our education.

Item IV. We will to the High School our hope that she will continue to be an outstanding school in Virginia, through her successful athletics, the **Beacon** and educational qualities.

Item V. This item contains the individual articles willed to the following:

Article 1. To Catsby Rogers the high grades and studious nature of Felix Weinhold.

Article 2. To Ruth Fitchett the talkativeness and loudness of Mildred Wall and Myrtha Long.

Article 3. To any girl who needs them, the many admirers of Martha Chapin.

Article 4. To Alma Branch the noisy and boisterous conduct of Via Daughtrey.

Article 5. To anyone the winning smile of Gretna Mallicotte.

Article 6. To "Gilly" Jones the French marks of Ethel Davis.

Article 7. To Sam Gordon the loudness of voice and outward enthusiasm of James Palmer.

Article 8. To Max Dolin the foolishness and wit of the only Charles Cohen.

Article 9. To Bickford Curtis, Gilbert Church's love for the fair sex.

Article 10. To Katherine Kessler the giggling of Cecil Wright.

- Article 11. To Gladys Ford the jovial nature of Lorena Hilling.
Article 12. To Cecil West the love for dances of Ira Bowles.
Article 13. To Elsie Massey the demure and quiet ways of Elizabeth Berkeley.
Article 14. To Billy Read the timidity of Raymond Edwards among the other sex.
Article 15. To "Scoop" Hopkins the studiousness of Willie Radin.
Article 15. To any Latin student the good marks in Latin of Catherine Blanton.
Article 17. To May Sawyer and Margaret Wilkie the friendship of Gladys Edwards and Lucile Hunnicutt.
Article 18. To Lee Todd the popularity and sportsmanship of Hugh Brown.
Article 19. To Nan Kurtz the never ceasing whispering of Freeda Levy.
Article 20. To Babe Biggins the permanent waves of Carl Andrews.
Article 21. To Eddie Wheeler the popularity, good nature and good fellowship of Milton Massenburg.
Article 22. To Doris Crump the extra inches of Allene Miller.
Article 23. To any aspiring orator the ability of Nathan Patz as an eloquent orator.
Article 24. To Robert Callis the serious aspect toward life of Powell Beatty.
Article 25. To Ellen Fox, Selma Scoll's love for dancing.
Article 26. To Richard Newman the Lord Chesterfield manner of Daniel Patrick.
Article 27. To Hilda Morris, Margaret Chandler's love of reciting from memory in English class.
Article 28. To Willis Shell the scarlet locks of Josephine Bridgman.
Article 29. To "Duck" Dickinson the blushes of Ronald Wills.
Article 30. To Mary Street the love for a lot of work of May Parker.
Article 31. To Florence Fitchett the ability of Ella Nachman to keep quiet and never say a word unless necessary.
Article 32. To any girl Athletic Manager of her room the troubles of Josephine Garriss in getting the senior girls out for volley ball.
Article 33. To the 4-A class Sadie Levinson's love for work.
Article 34. To the school the smiles of Marie Snidow.
Article 35. To Bert Gary the good disposition of Mavis Maupin.
Article 36. To any Class Secretary the ability of our own hard-working Secretary, Grace Giannotti.
Article 37. To Averill Taylor, Evelyn Snead's place in the commercial room.
Article 38. To Jerome Brittingham, Butler Daughtrey's love for literary society.

(Signed) GEORGE PIERCE, Class Executor,
February, '23.



FEBRUARY 1923



— JOSEPHINE GARRIS —
MOST ATHLETIC GIRL



ELIZABETH BERKLEY
BIGGEST NUISANCE —



GLADYS EDWARDS
— CHATTERBOX —



MILTON HASTINGS
BEST-ALL-AROUND



MARGARET CHANDLER
BEST SPORT



SELMA SCOTT RAY EDWARDS
BEST DANCERS



THE FOUR P'S OF THE 40'S



ANDREWS & DAUGHTREY



RAYMOND EDWARDS
— BEST SPORT —

Prophecy



It was dark and damp and dreary; the night had followed a day of intense heat, with a gloomy, drizzling rain that seemed not strong enough to keep pedestrians off the street but bad enough to make walking miserable for those that braved the open in their promenades. I had just left the happy home of my friend **Raymond Edwards**, who, by marrying **May Parker**, had found a long sought-for happiness.

During my stay we discussed many things and pre-eminently among those was the fact that our Country was about to sever diplomatic relations with Normandy and that President **Carl Andrews** of the United States had issued a call for volunteers. War was expected at any moment and the whole country had been thrown into a political upheaval—why Editor **Selma Scoll** of the “Newport Star” had emphasized in one of her recent editorials that the policy of the Secretary of State, **Virginia Daughtery**, had been the sole cause of the strained relations between the two countries. After leaving that topic, we discussed one about which the whole country was interested: during the Congressional session, Senator **William Radin**, of North Carolina, had introduced a bill for the annulment of the Volstead Act. The last topic that we discussed, before my leaving, had been the phenomenal rise of the country’s greatest actress, **Josephine Bridgman**.

After bidding my friends good-by, I started my journey homeward, but no sooner had I reached the corner when my ears were greeted with these words: “Extra! War Declared!” I had not long to wait after hearing these words before a newsboy, whom I recognized as **Powell Beatty**, came up to me

and in another second I read in large, black letters the words, "War Declared!" and in slightly less conspicuous type the following, "General **Charles Cohen**, hero of the Georgia-Florida Civil War, appointed Commander-in-Chief of our land forces!" further on, "Rear-Admiral **Gilbert Church** in charge of the fleet, which will leave immediately for the scene of battle!"

"Well!" I sighed, "There is but one course for me to take," and going to the nearest recruiting station I enlisted and was ordered to report immediately to the camp—there I was to join my company—and since I had had previous military experience I was placed in charge of Company "F."

It was but a matter of a few days before my company, together with many others were at sea, aboard the transport and well on our way to the war-front.

I spent my time, aboard the vessel, on tours of inspection. On one of my strolls I came upon a group of nurses, among whom I recognized my old classmates **Allene Miller**, **Marie Snidow**, and **Gretna Mallicotte**; all of whom were in the charge of Head Nurse **Catherine Blanton**. On still another of my walks I met America's flying ace, **Grace Giannotti**, who was assembling her plane for a hurried landing. But who was that man clad in overalls? it seems as if I had seen that face before—and sure enough, for that person was none other than **Felix Weinhold**!—shoveling coal in order to avoid the coming draft——

Another day I spent on my tours and on the following we docked from this port and were hurried to our battle lines.

We were commanded to take the second line of trenches and were ordered to prepare for a surprise attack on the enemies' lines at midnight. The hours flew by and as the clock struck twelve it seemed as if the earth had suddenly risen—for it was all one solid, moving mass of humanity; all inspired with one thought, all bent upon the same purpose: to gain the enemies' lines. But this was not to be done—for no sooner had we covered half the distance, when, with no forewarning, a huge shell exploded in our midst—the enemy had been warned! But it was too late—we must continue—and so, forward we charged, onward we followed our leaders—. Then, all of a sudden a whizzing sound, then silence, blackness—blackness—nothing——!

I felt my spirit leave my body, soar through space—fast, faster, faster still!—all the while blackness—then, what was this? I see buildings, houses, familiar sights, I see people, I speak, am not answered; I see, and yet am not seen; I walk through walls, buildings, everything! What is this strange coma which has come over me? I speak, but none hear me; I touch, but none feel! Then slowly comes realization: this—is my spirit—free from body, sightless, wandering; free to go anywhere, to do anything. Must I stay like this forever? Yes! Must move always on! I go, I approach a large theatre, and there, headed for the stage door, I see **Gladys Edwards**, **Ethel Davis**, and **Myrtha Long**! I see them enter—then I turn away. But what is this advancing column of women, with a banner over-head, bearing the words: "We want **Lucille Hunnicutt** for Mayor," and at the head of the line I see **Josephine Garris**! But what are those words over that store? I come closer—I read—"Parisian Millinery Shop"—Proprietors, **Sadie Levinson** and **Freeda Levy**! I move on—I approach an old brick building with barred doors and windows; a sign is hanging near the door— on it I read, "Jailer, **Ira Bowles**. Then—but who is that dignified looking gentleman now coming towards me? Then in a second I recall that stern face—it is Judge **Milton Massenburg**! And, that man, the one who hails him from the open door of an office? Going

closer I am able to make out the face of the great violinist, **Butler Daughtery!** Now, turning the corner, I come face to face with that great socialist leader, **Elizabeth Berkeley!** and in the hugh crowd before her I see **Mavis Maupin** and **Ella Nachman**, her trustworthy lieutenants.

Going on, I pass a house. On the door a sign, "Board and Lodging, **Mildred Wall**, Proprietress," and standing by the gate I see a woman in a blue uniform. Why! it is **Evelyn Snead**, and in her hands a paper. Going nearer I read, "**Margaret Chandler** sues **George Pierce** for breach of promise," and a little lower, "**Attorney Cecile Wright** will represent the defendant;" on another page, "**Newport News High School** again wins Football Championship, Coach **Hugh Brown**—" but I can read no further, my spirit moves me onward—compels me to go. I hear the sound of music—and then a marching band hoves into sight, and I recognize its leader. He is **Daniel Patrick!** This procession sweeps by and I go on. Look! over there,— a notice—it reads, "Great Singer to be heard to-night—**Lorraine Hilling** makes her initial appearance in the city——"

My spirit grows restless, it hears a call from its body—again it hear that call—and then, slowly it rises—it must go—the body calls—then blackness! My spirit soars high, higher still and then descends—fast, very fast; now it comes to a halt, it slips again into its earthly form, it re-inhabits my body! Then—light! brightness! I open my eyes. Where am I? Before I can speak again I hear these words "Do not speak, be still," And looking up I see the face of the nurse, **Martha Chapin!** I ask her, "Where am I?" She tells me, "You were wounded, then brought here to this hospital. All the time you were unconscious, you became delirious, your mind wandered, you recalled old remembrances," and then she added: "You owe your recovery to Doctor **Ronald Wills**, the famous surgeon." Then pointing to a man dressed in a black robe, she whispered: "You have been constantly attended by that priest." Slowly the figure turns—now I see the face of **James Palmer!** But now I am too weak, I can no longer hold my eyes open, drowsiness overcomes me and then—sleep—sleep—sleep—!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

My duty here to-night can not come to an end, justly, without a word about the future of our beloved school—our home for the past four years—and so, looking forward, I can see the Newport News High School in the year 1945.

A vision comes before me—I see a huge, wonderfully built stone structure, covering several acres of land and situated in the center of many other outstanding buildings. One, the Library; another, the Athletic Quarters; the others, Dormitories—for to this great school comes students from every part of the country. Its fame has spread from sea to sea. Then——

I look over the school's roll and see that it numbers many thousands—but what school is this? Why, it is the Newport News High School! The "Harvard" of high schools, and it has grown beyond the fondest hopes of its supporters.

At its head it has the man who brought it up to its now high standard, Professor **Fred M. Alexander**, whose words. "I would rather be Captain of the Good Ship **Walter Reed** than Governor of Virginia," shall never die.

NATHAN PATZ, Class Prophet,
February, '23.



MARTHA CHAPIN
— PRETTIEST —



GRACE GIANNOTTI
— BEST ALL AROUND —




ETHEL DAVIS
— MOST POPULAR GIRL —

FEBRUARY



— 1923 —

THE THREE
MUSKETEERS



LUCILE HUNNICUTT
— MOST ATTRACTIVE —



VIA DAUGHTREY
— MOST —
— DIGNIFIED & DEFENDABLE —



MILDRED WALL
— MEERKEST —

ANDREWS & DAUGHTREY

The Prayer of a Boy Who Has Just Graduated

By P. R. HAYWARD

"Lord, let Thy blessings go with me as I venture forth on this day of all the days.

"I thank Thee for the wisdom and discretion of my teachers, those who have led my wavering mind through the years of study and of preparation; for the sacrificial love of my parents whose self-denial has made my school days possible; for my companions who have inspired me; for my books and their writers which have enlarged me; for the sturdy health that has been given me; and above all, for this day on which I am to stand up and be awarded the sign and symbol of success.

"Make me worthy, I pray Thee, of those who have made possible all that I have accomplished. Save me from envy and jealousy of those who have done better than I have done, and from contemptuous pride to those who have not done as well; save me from feeling that I have earned at last the right to rest in my search for truth; and show me that knowledge must be my lifelong quest.

"Make this day, O Lord, not the end of my strenuous climb to equipment for real living, but just another step along the way. Keep me humble in my search for the meaning of life and enable me to learn its deepest and richest lessons at the feet of the Master Teacher. In His name. Amen."



Senior Roll Call and Character Sketch

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	PET EXPRESSION	WEAKNESS	WANTS TO BE	WILL BE
Andrews, Carl	Arguing	"Great Caesar!"	Talking	Editor	Newsboy
Beatty, Powell	Study Hall	"Gosh!"	Being tardy	Married	Thrown down
Bowles, Ira	Using Slang	"For crap sake!"	Lessons	In love	In jail
Brown, Hugh	Cutting classes	"I'll say so!"	Athletics	Fullback	Drawback
Cohen, Charles	Being funny	"Now, don't gimme none of your back talk!"	His height	Playwright	Clown
Church, Gilbert	Whistling	"Ye Gods!"	His voice	Admiral	Stoker
Daughtrey, Butler	New experiments	"Gee Whiz!"	His violin	Chemist	Bootlegger
Edwards, Raymond	Talking to girls	"You'd better!"	Florence M.	Saxaphone Artist	• Fishman
Massenburg, Milton	Telling jokes	"You know what I mean?"	Women	Statesman	Bricklayer
Palmer, James	Eating	"Darnit!"	Asking questions	Minister	Bootblack
Patrick, Daniel	Blushing	"Aw, Heck!"	Playing	Pianist	Organ grinder
Patz, Nathan	Declaiming	"Now listen here!"	Selma	Lawyer	Jail "Trustie"
Pierce, George	Fixing his tie	"Great guns!"	Math.	Movie Hero	Comedian
Radin, William	Studying	"Done your Latin?"	Work	Engineer	Policeman
Weinhold, Felix	Making "dates"	"Lookit that gal!"	Girls	Taylor's model	Tailors dummy
Wills, Ronald	Dreaming	"Good night!"	French	School teacher	Janitor

NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	PET EXPRESSION	WEAKNESS	WANTS TO BE	WILL BE
Berkley, Elizabeth	Arguing	"Damn!"	Wasting time	Statesman	Bolshevik
Blanton, Catherine	Studying	"Oh, my!"	Removing freckles	Latin teacher	Wouldn't be surprised
Bridgeman, Josephine	Listening to teacher	"Such is Life!"	Walking straight	Detective	Actress
Chandler, Margaret	Asking dumbbell ?'s	"Why?"	Her hair	Flapper	Author of dictionary
Chapin, Martha	Looking pretty	"Life is so short."	Talking to ?	Artist's model	Tothpaste Adv.
Davis, Ethel	Latin and French	"My Heavens!"	Eating too fast	Lawyer	School teacher
Daughtery, Virginia	Elocution	"Do you think so?"	Blushing	Music teacher	Piano tuner
Edwards, Gladys	Talking	"My conscience!"	Powder	Stenographer	Scenario writer
Garris, Josephine	Volley ball	"Holy Mackerel!"	Trig.	World's Champion	Nurse
Giannotti, Grace	Collecting dyes	"Of course."	Talking to Pres.	Novelist	Banker
Hilling, Lorena	Type class	"Ain't it the truth?"	Innocent expression	Opera singer	S. S. teacher
Hannicutt, Lucile	Laughing	"Ha! Ha!"	Dodge	Auto salesman	Failure
Levinson, Sadie	French	"Know your Latin!"	Studying	Writer	Choir leader
Levy, Freeda	Hard to tell	"Gee, Why?"	Using slang	Hair dresser	Librarian
Long, Myrtha	Playing piano	"Omine Goodness!"	F. U. M. A.	Concert player	Clerk at Fergusson's
Mallicotte, Gretna	Silence	"Ain't that something?"	Failing	Success	Milliner
Maupin, Mavis	Movies	"O stop your kidding!"	Earrings	Orator	Married
Miller, Allene	Embroidering	"O goodness!"	Rouge	Sculptress	Dressmaker
Nachman, Ella	Being late	"You don't say so?"	Tardy Slip	On time	Late
Parker, May	Flirting	"Good!"	Eating	Vamp	Telephone girl
Snead, Evelyn	Selling tablets	"Tweet, tweet."	Commercial Room	Sales girl	Bookkeeper
Snidow, Marie	Trying to be serious	"Well!"	Smiling	Missionary	Quack docter
Scoll, Selma	Talking to ?	"Hnh!"	Sweaters	In Follies	In Carnival
Wall, Mildred	Dancing	"Isn't that something?"	Saying too little	In cabaret	Waitress
Wright, Cecile	(We wonder)	"Holy elephants!"	Book reports	Mrs. ?	(Why not?)



POETRY



JEROME KNOWLES - 9

MASSENBURG'S OUTLINE OF HISTORY

Say, fellow, ain't History just crazy bunk,
The agent whereby many students flunk?
But did you ever stop to think of the guy
That stood in the Hall of Fame to help History by?
The Good Lord left a very small spot
Where any old stranger might stop;
A worker was required, as a faithful gardner,
So He sent Adam and Eve along as pardners.
Eve said to Adam, with your old-fashioned ways, you give me a pain,
Then there was the dickens to pay when they raised Cain.
Old Jonah shipped aboard a whale, a trans-Atlantic freighter,
And wasn't seen for several days later.
Skipper Noah, of the good old ark,
Shipped aboard a Norweigan bark;
With all his time and nothing to do,
He slipped into old Manhattan with his zoo.
Old Solomon was an unheard wise man
Who lived and died in a far-off land.
Old King Bozo never did harm in his life
Until he took unto himself another man's wife.
Don't forget Caesar, that wise little feller
Who smoked other peoples' stogies and drank the best in their cellars;
With a monocle in his eye and his hair shining like gloss
He hopped into his flivver and into Egypt he was tossed;
Acclaimed by the world to be the Roman's boss,
But it took only a snip of a girl, Cleo, to throw him for a loss.
Columbus was a dago the world does not doubt,
The world laughed at him and called him a trusty boy scout.
But don't forget the lady that hocked her jewels, Queen Elizabeth
was her name,
So that Columbus might ride the high seas and win worldly fame.
Now Napoleon was a little runt, no doubt,
But it took all Europe to solve the fact out;
He shook a wicked sword and facts were cramped in his bean,
And little Europe, at Waterloo, surely stripped him clean.
Little Captain John Smith was a very naughty scout,
He licked an army of Indians in the final bout;
He was the English cake-eater of that time,
Traveled to London to spend his Yankee dimes.
Then there is George, the father of this country,
Who whipped England with an army to be.
And little Johnny Pershing, who taught the Germans how hard it would be
To lick the millions of Yankees that lived across the sea.
Where is old Kaiser Bill, who thought he knew,
How to teach the world a thing or two?
And proclaimed that when Gabriel blew

And as these guys lived and died
So must you and I.
So smile and see the other fellow's mistakes;
Consider History and the time that it takes
To accomplish great deeds and to win fame;
And somewhere in that Hall of Fame we may some day read your name.

THE BIRDS

Over my rose-clung doorway,
Two tiny blue-winged birds,
Have chosen to make their dwelling,
And utter their loving words.

All day they are coming and going
On errands frequent and fleet
And singing over and over
Tweet, oh tweet, tweet, tweet.

Their coats are changeful in color
Their eyes are like living gems,
And all day long they are busy,
Gathering leaves and stems.

Always merry and busy,
Singing with soft, sweet notes,
Teaching the world the happy magic,
Hidden in their delicate throats.

Which in darkness or sunshine,
So sweetly they do repeat,
Over and over, and over,
Tweet, oh tweet, tweet, tweet.
—SADIE LEVINSON.

LOOK FORWARD

By G. G.

The world moves on; Time rolls along;
Gates open wide before our face,
Through which we pass with constant tread,
Nor evermore our steps retrace.

The world moves on, so will we trust
That faith and work will be united,
That all the wrongs that mar the earth
Will somehow yet be righted.

We'll look not backward to the past,
Nor evermore its joys be summing,
And sigh no more, "The good old times!"
But sing, "The good times coming!"



THE THOMAS SCHOLARSHIP

By Nathan Patz

February, '23

There was nothing unusual about that group of incoming freshmen except perhaps, their size; for it could truthfully be said that they were about the smallest class that had ever entered Midvale High School.

Now, it would be best that I inform you that Midvale High was one of those schools that, though always considered an excellent school for educational purposes, its athletic teams had not fared very well. Why, they had yet to win their first championship—either in football, baseball or any other sports indulged in by all schools of their size.

And also that Midvale had at the present time about five hundred students—yet only about fifteen men had reported to Coach Roberts—a very small number indeed to choose a baseball team from. But Coach Ed Roberts was accustomed to that kind of response to his calls, and knew that the only thing to do was to go to work and work hard with that bunch of men—only five men had remained from last year's team—his task therefore was a very hard one for he had to construct a whole team with few exceptions and so far he knew there was not a promising man in that squad.

It happened that in the new freshman class there was a boy who had three years before stopped school to go to work, for his parents were very

poor and could not afford to send him to school. And so in his freshman year he had quit school to take up a position with a concern that offered him a very good job, and now, after three years of work—a work that had been forced from his town by the awful business depression that followed that period of prosperity—Louis Hall again entered Midvale, but this time with the idea and determination to finish high school and if possible start off for college. His life's ambition was to become a noted lawyer. And, since his parents were not able to afford his college education, he could only attain that objective by earning the "Thomas Scholarship"—a free course in any department, through any college in the country, given to the student attending Midvale High who most deserved that reward. Up to the time of which I write, that scholarship had been given seven times and on each occasion to one who had distinguished himself by his studies.

Now, Louis secretly manifested his intention of trying to earn that reward, and he did so by starting his new studies with a rush for the first session of school—Louis's name had always appeared at the head of the percentage column. And after the second year of his high school life it became clear that if the Thomas Scholarship would be given to a stu-

dent for his mental alertness this year it would be given to either Louis Hall or Raymond Clark, for it was seen that these two were about evenly matched in their studies and their marks for the past two years and both had been so consistent that it was seen by all that neither would let up in their work in the future.

And so with this situation in mind, we come to the fourth and last year of high school life for the class of June, of which Louis and Raymond were members, it could be truthfully stated that both boys were in a tie for honors and it seemed that only a break one way or the other could win for either.

At last spring came around and with it came Coach Robert's call for volunteers for the baseball team. Rumors had been circulated throughout the school that for the first time in the history of Midvale, they had the opportunity to strike at a Championship, for the school had suffered the loss of only one man of last year's aggregation. But if that man's position could be creditably filled, Midvale was in line for her first Championship. And so with a veteran team in charge, Coach Roberts bent his efforts towards finding a man who could fill the shoes of Pitcher Jackson of last year's nine.

He especially urged every man who had ever had experience in that position to let him know at once and if possible, report for practice immediately.

After a short try-out of all the available material for that position, it was seen that not one had the making of a hurler. Not to be discouraged, Coach Roberts personally conducted a tour through the school and it was in this way that he found that Louis Hall had, several years ago, pitched the Jefferson Grammar School team to a city championship. And that he had practiced at inter-

vals during the past summers when he could take an evening off. But it was only after a long lecture could he be induced to come out for a position, and this only after many entreaties of the coach, who had, by appealing to his qualities as a sportsman, at last been successful.

Practice that afternoon was the most spirited that had yet been held. A long batting practice, followed by a game between two squads, was the feature of the evening. That day after practice, when all the squad were in the dressing room, Coach Roberts came over to Louis and asking him to report for practice every afternoon, received the following reply, "I will come out and try for the team, but it will seriously enhance my chance for the Thomas Scholarship, and I want that very much."

But after a short talk he was convinced that he was helping his school more in this manner than by the other.

The dope had for once been true—Midvale, with Hall pitching wonderful games, and with the entire team backing him up in splendid form, had met and defeated all of the other schools in the western part of the state with the exception of her greatest rival, and that game was to be played this afternoon on the home lot.

The school was standing on the threshold of a successful year and the students had promised to turn out in full force to witness the game to-day: for if Midvale defeated Lakeport to-day, only the Northern and Eastern Champs stood in her way for a state championship. With this thought in mind the whole team was keyed up to a high pitch, and after the most strenuous practices that they had had, all were confident that they would come out on the big end of the score.

The day turned out to be a fine one for baseball and when the umpire shouted out, "Play Ball," each fan

knew that both teams would fight to the last ditch.

The game was a fast one, and in the seventh inning the score stood 0—0, the seventh was soon over and still no one scored—it seemed as if this would turn out to be an extra inning game, for both pitchers were holding out in fine shap. The eighth and ninth flew by in similar fashion. The game now went into extra innings and in the tenth Lakeport's lead-off man drew a base on balls. He was sacrificed to second and then came the first error of the game, with a man on second, and but one out. Lakeport tried a hit-and-run play. The ball, a slow roller, was allowed to roll into the outfield by the third sacker and before it could be recovered the runner had crossed the plate. Silence fell on the cheering section of the Home team, while Bedlam broke loose on the visitors' side. But Midvale, with blood in their eyes, tightened up and that was the end of the scoring for Lakeport.

Coming to their bench to end the tenth, they realized that defeat stared them in their eyes—that they had to score at least one run, for if not, this would be the last game of the year for them, and with a strong determination that they must do something each player came back to his bench highly resolved to fight stronger than ever.

To open this half, their lead-off man flied out, but the next man was safe at first on the second baseman's error, and when that player heaved the sphere high in his throw to the first sacker, took second, and now with a man on second and but one out things looked much brighter. The rooters responded wildly and anxiously awaited the outcome of the next batter's effort.

Walking slowly to the plate, the batter quickly gave the signal for a squeeze play, and pulling the brim

of his cap slightly lower he took his stand at the plate. The first ball was high, and he let it pass. Now for the next pitch—on it came, he advanced to meet it, touched it with his bat and in a second sped on his way to first base. He heard the coach's plea for more speed and mustering all his strength he gave a final jump just passing the bag as the ball hit the baseman's mitt. He was safe. And his team-mate had gained third base on the play—his effort had been successful. He was glad, glad that he had not failed in his chance to help his school-mates on this day.

Midvale now had its chance to win the game, with a man on third and first, with one down, the next batter took his stand in the batter's box. It was Hall, the pitcher—it was up to him to win or let the chance go by. He knew that all was up to him, he heard the cries of his team-mates as they encouraged him, he heard the yells of his fellow students, but he looked only ahead, watching the wind-up of the opposing pitcher. He saw it leave his hand, on it came—but something held his arm back, he did not swing, and a second later he heard "Strike one." Again he heard the cries of his team-mates. He must come up to the occasion, and with that in mind he calmly awaited the next delivery. Again he saw it come; this time he swung, but too late! The ball passed by, untouched. Again he heard "Strike two." Only one more chance! Would he fall down? No! He could not—he must not! All depended on him—the school's chance for its first championship. All this surged through his brain in a flash—and now silence—he could only hear the heavy breathing of the catcher. Everything was silent—everyone's eye was turned on him—he realized his position. Again he took up his stand and as the ball left the pitcher's fingers, his bat left his shoulder—crack!

—they met and then with a quick movement he started for the bag. Turning around after reaching first he was only aware that he had come through, for he could see his teammates jumping in the air and throwing their hats high. Then he saw the opposing players, with downcast eyes, turn to leave the field. Only now had he realized what had happened, he had drove out a long hit, the two men had scored and the game was won.

He started for his dugout but never reached it, for a mountain of moving bodies came towards him, placed him on their shoulders and carried him down the field, the while every throat was sending forth the gladness that its body felt, and there upon the shoulders of his admirers he allowed his thoughts to roam: he had gained this but he had given up his chance for the scholarship and with it went his hope of a college education.

That night he slept well, he had done his duty, yes, more, and he rightly deserved the word "hero" after his name.

After that his way was easy, people had gone out of their way for him, he became their hero, the most popular boy at school. But this did not bother him, he worked harder to keep his place in their eyes and in their hearts.

The game with the Eastern Champs proved to be a run-away for Midvale and with a week to practice before the Northern Champions, they worked harder than ever to remove the last block in their way.

The game was a good one and a close one, but when the sun went down that evening, Midvale became the Baseball Champions of the State! A place that they attained for the first time, one that was worked hard for and justly deserved.

Now that baseball had come to a

glorious close all thoughts were turned to the coming commencement exercises, always a much looked for event and this year more so than any. The weeks passed by and as the number of days lessened, everyone turned their thoughts to the Thomas Scholarship and to whom it would be given. But it was a foregone conclusion that Raymond Clark had beaten Louis Hall out for the first honors because of the latter's devotion to the team.

And so, when at last the big night came around and the class of June were to receive their diplomas, the school auditorium was packed.

The program was a very clever one and everybody enjoyed the exercises. All the numbers had been covered except those of the diplomas and the annual gift of the Thomas Scholarship by the principal. The next number on the program was the handing out of diplomas. This finished, the audience remained silent for the big event of the evening, when the principal, after a short talk on the reason of the Thomas Scholarship, prepared to deliver the award. The house was as silent as it could be, every word could be heard clearly and everyone listened with interest. The principal started:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It becomes my honor to-night to award this scholarship to the student, a member of this class, who most deserves that prize. Heretofore it has been the custom to give this to the best scholar, but we are making an exception to-night, and so it gives me great pleasure in introducing to you a man who has done more for his school than any other student of his class. Therefore I wish to award this scholarship to Mr. Louis—" but his sentence was never finished for a yell of "Ray! Rah! Raw! Raw! Hall! Hall Hall!" cut him short and the auditorium became a pit of yelling and cheering.

THE LAST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

(In Imitation of the Tales of the Middle Ages)

By Little Berkley

An the monk, Ambrosius, questioned Percival further lest he should not find out all concerning the sweet vision of the Grail and all who saw it.

Then Sir Percival, by Arthur called "the Jnere," began; "I will tell you of the second time my sister, the sweet nun, saw the vision 'ere the Grail departed to the Eternal City.

"There is a castle, north from here, and not in Arthur's realm, where heathen maiden dwelt, during the time when good King Arthur held his Table Round at Camelot.

"She, 'twas said, surpassed all other maids in beauty, even unto Greinvere, because she had not sinned. Her hair was long and thick and golden as the sun. And all the people of her realm, for she was princess there, did love her well because she was so pure.

"My sister, the nun of whom I spoke, went there and dwelt with her that she may not fear of loneliness.

"Once when the heathen men did ravage fierce along the borders of her land Arthur did send the bright boy knight, Sir Galahad, the youngest and the purest of all knights, to surpress those wicked northmen. That was before we all had seen the vision and did swear that we should follow 'till we found; yea; 'twas before the Table Round was there no more at Camelot.

"And when he came he found this maid who was so sweet, had softened the heart of the fiercest and the wildest of the Northmen, who was still a comely youth, until he was her slave.

"But Sir Galahad did not return, so quickly as he came, to that mystic city, Camelot, but tarried yet a few days within this maiden's hall.

"'Twas there he learned that my sister, though she was purest, by far, than any who dwelt at Camelot, was not for him. He knew that his love for her had been only as the pure loves pure. But he had a love far greater and far deeper, for the holy maid whom he had come to rescue from the wild men of the northern seas.

He told her of his dreams of the Holy Grail, of hom he had seen the sweet cup and heard the cry 'Galahad and Galahad, follow me!' Of how, perhaps, if it were brought back to Camelot, all the people would behold it, touch it, and be cleansed from sin.

"And she wept because she feared the time was come when he must leave her. She told him of how she, too, had dreams and visions of the holy cup, of how the quest was not for so weak and frail a maid as she. Yet she believed that if she should devote all her time to those needy and suffering peoples in her realm, and to her prayers, perhaps she too would this holy thing behold.

"Then he told her he would go and report to Arthur at Camelot, of how he had fared so long a time, far from the Table Round. From there he would be going on his sacred quest lest it be too late. But he would come again and take her with him.

"When he returned to Camelot 'twas then he sat in Merlin's chair and said, 'If I lose myself, I find myself!' 'Twas then, also, we did see the vision and did swear, and Gawain, lowder than the rest.

"After he had left upon the journey the maiden grew weaker still and pale almost unto death. Yet her beauty was far greater than before for now

she was like unto an angel. Like my sister and Sir Galahad her eyes were 'beautiful beyond all knowing of them, beyond all knowing of them wonderful in holiness.'

"She no more could go among the peasants of her realm, leaning on my sister's arm but needs must be borne in the arms of that barbarian chief who was now her servant. Although he was wild almost as a wolf yet he loved the maiden and sorrowed greatly when his precious burden, lighter grew and frailer as the days passed into weeks and months. But within him forever burned that savage desire to roam over unknown seas and plunder as before. So she bade him leave her and take his restless followers back to the land of his forefathers.

"That evening, when the sun was set, and all the sky a glorious crimson, she watched the rude vessel as it departed. At the bow, standing erect and handsome was the figure of the chief, growing fainter and more small until it dropped below the horizon and was gone.

" 'Tis said he wandered over boundless seas until he landed on the coast of a new world, the wonderful land of the hereafter."

"But," interrupted the monk, "you have not yet told me of how the nun saw again the Holy Grail!"

"Ah," continued Sir Percivale, "have patience and I will tell you all. It was night. The sweet maiden knew her time had come to depart to the eternal city.

"Then while my sister knelt in prayer the room became all aflood with light and when she looked she saw out on a cloud a knight in flashing armor, riding on a steed of stainless white. While she looked he lifted the sweet maid upon the war horse. Her long tresses floated 'round her and wrapped her small form like the mantle of a fairy queen while on her lips still lingered her sweet smile of farewell.

"While still she gazed, enraptured at the sight, the nun saw still a greater light, and down it stole the Holy Grail and lingered above them blood red, resplendant and unveiled. Then the vision died and she rejoiced that she had seen the Grail.

"The sweet cup was never again seen on earth for with Sir Galahad and the princess it had departed forever to the Eternal City of our God.

And Sir Percevale spake no more.

AN' SINGING JIM LEFT TOWN

By G. G.

My chilluns your says yous want to here about Singing Jim. Well—James Coglan a' ole bachelor of forty seven, dats been thirty yers, I gues he ded now, was de quior leader in de litle town of Unionsville.

James popularity wid de young folks was sumpin great. He was redy fer to here their jokes an' to tel one still funnier. An' alwas redy to play wid dem to, well he was jus ole in age and young in spirit.

Every Wednesday nite when dey

went to practice, de little chapel was jus cramed an' packed to de top. An' Singing Jim, you nowd dats what dey called him, would sing and sing, and make dem young foks sing to, yas he would.

Well, twas on dees cassions dat de Widow Smith would an' bring her daughter Priscilla, Jim sed her voce needed a awful lot of tention, but jes let me tel ye rite here Jim won't thinkin bout dat gals voce, but Widow Smith, she was powful rich, laws,

when her husban diede he left her all his blongins, which was twenty acres of ole por land and de ole house whar dey live in now, to cows, one ole bline horse, an' a few chickens. An' you nows dis looked mity good to jes a plan singing master. An' as I was a sayin, Jim was always pleased on Wednesday nites. He would jus a praise the Widow's Priscilla an tell her she would soon be ready fer to go to Naw Yok to sing in a real church quior. Wal, course al des nice things pleased de Widow Much. An' de Widow she would ast Jim to dinner on Sundays. Des sure did please Jim, cause everythin war so nice, and specially dat table, Widow Smith she was som cook. An' Singing Jim jest noed he was in good favor wid Mrs. Smith,

Lordy he wodn't a taken in exchange de welth Farmer Jones had, he was den de milloneir of dat town.

'Twas on a certain Sunday in February, Singing Jim he went to cal on de Widow. On dis dae de Widow was very sorrowful case dis was de dae her husban had died eight yers ago, de more Jim trid to console her de more irritated she grew. Por litle Priscilla trid to comfot her but twont no use. She was jes a greiving over her Tom.

Singing Jim thot his time had com, so he begun in sof gentel tones, wid de speech he don lerned long ago, but foe he said haf dat speech, dat Widow Smith don showd him de dor, an' we ain't here nothin from Singing Jim since.

JUST LIKE A GIRL

By M. M. L.

With a shriek Betty jumped out of bed. The house was on fire! Her room was full of smoke and she could hear voices outside. At first she was dazed by the sudden awakening in the smoke. She thought that perhaps she was dreaming, but no—it was real.

Like a flash she sprang for the door—opened it and descended the large stairs amidst great puffs of smoke. As she went by the hall she grabbed her coat from a hook, then went outside.

Already, a large crowd had gathered outside and the firemen had begun their work. Everyone was safely uot of the house.

All of sudden Betty remembered that she had forgotten something—the greatest necessity of her life. She **must** save it! How could she do without it! But how? The fire seemed to be eating up everything and the smoke was so dense she was afraid it would choke her. Nevertheless, with great determination, and before anyone could stop her she suddenly ran back

into the house through the smoke, up the stairs and into her room.

It was smoky and hot, but that part of the house had not caught on fire yet. It was the smoke that frightened her, for she knew that it would not be long before that part of the house would be on fire unless the firemen checked it rapidly. She knew all this and could hear the cracking of the fire, yet she staggered towards her dressing table, grasped an object and ran down the steps with her coat over her head, just as the burning steps crashed.

She ran out, all eyes were turned towards her with great anxiety. Everyone knew she had saved a valuable—something which was dear to her—dear enough for her to risk her life; and every one wondered what it was.

Finally a lady timidly asked her what she had so bravely rescued, what the darling would have given her life for—

Betty held up her—POWDER PUFF.

THE BEACON

COMMENCEMENT SUPPLEMENT

Published Bi-Weekly in News Form and Twice a Year in Magazine Form by
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WHAT OUR DIPLOMAS MEAN

We are now on the threshold of a new country and that country is the World. Four years we have spent in labor and study, searching for the key to success, and the ability to use it when we have entered the new country. In our hands we hold the recognition of the fact that we have earned the reward of toil—our Diplomas. It rests with us whether we have earned a scrap of paper or the key to success.

“Knowledge is power.” That is true, but the diploma means nothing whatever if we have not learned the great principles of Democracy, the ability to help our fellow man and to use our voice in a people’s government.

Here we have learned the fundamentals of American Government, have had them held before us and put to the test. The Student Government was established that we might, primarily, learn the working of a self government people, and might participate in an organization, modeled after that of the American Democracy. Each member of the Student Body has been given a voice in its affairs. It rests with him to use it wisely when it will do the most good not only for him but his fellow students.

The officers and members of the Student Council are placed in office by their fellows and they are there to justify the vote they have received. But they are not there to gain glory for themselves but to serve their fellow students. That is the bottom principle upon which members of our government are elected—to serve. That is the lesson we must learn in our government—service is the key to success. A man is judged in this world not by what he is able to do for himself, but by the service he renders to the people who place him in public office.

In all our organizations we have some of those principles included. And so if a student go into the new country with all honors, high knowledge, with his diploma in hand and has not learned the value of these things, he can never reach the highest rungs of the ladder of success, for he has lost the key rung—Service.

THE GLEE CLUB

It is interesting to note that, with all its success in Dramatics, Literary Societies and the Orchestra, the High School has never had a Glee Club. The patrons of the school have often expressed their surprise that the school does not have such an organization, stuents have asked for it and the **Beacon**, from the first, has urged that steps be taken towards it.

The following is an extract from the January 1920 number of the **Beacon** in regards to the Glee Club: "Other schools have found that the only care for musical disease among the pupils is a Glee Club. It gives them a chance to sing all they want and the right kind of songs.

"Our Orchestra has been a success; our chorus singing is progressing very successfully; we have the spirit; we have the desire for a Glee Club; why can't we have one? If other schools have made it a success—well, we have never failed yet in obtaining a goal we have strived for, and this would be comparatively small to others we have obtained."

The chorus singing mentioned did progress wonderfully for a while and everyone enjoyed it, but gradually it lost its attractiveness and now all that we have outside of our school songs is the few that we have on Mondays and Fridays when Miss Hayes is here to direct the singing.

The musical disease is still prevalent among the students. The jangling and screeching noises of modern so-called music still is popular and the real music is forgotten. Where are the beautiful old folk songs of America, particularly of the South? Where are those heart stirring melodies and songs that our elders used to sing? What we need is a revival of the real music of yesterday, songs that are real music, melodies that thrill the sold, and will still live when jazz is forgotten. A Glee Club is the thing that would fill the needs. Perhaps two; one for the girls and one for the boys. We again put the proposition up to the school and the faculty. Will not someone take action?

KEEP UP THE DRAMATIC CLUB

For four years the Newport News High School has had one of the most successful Dramatic Clubs among the high schools of the State. Under the capable and invaluable direction of Mr. Clyde F. Lytle, head of the English Department at the Keystone State Normal School, the Club produced seven plays all by standard authors, such as Shakespeare, Moliere and Goldsmith. They met with a welcome reception and were given the hearty support not only of the student body but also that of the city. The annual plays in 1921 and '22 were the largest yet undertaken, and the Academy of Music was required for such productions. The Club entirely out-grew the limited stage

in the High School Auditorium and the plays at the Academy were put on at a large expense for the building, draperies and costumes.

All these plays were made possible only by the efforts of Mr. Lytle, who had considerable experience in Dramatics, but he is gone now and we must think seriously upon the future of the Club. If it is allowed to go without a director, there will be no future and the Club will be a thing of the past. On the other hand, if it is capably supervised by an experienced teacher, it will continue its remarkable feats of the past and add to its glory. Within a year or so the new High School will be completed. It will have a modern stage and all equipment and the auditorium is large, seating 1500 people. Such a place will be finely adapted to the productions of the Dramatic Club. The future lies with the school as well as the student body, and it holds success and failure. Shall it be failure? No! Keep the good work going!

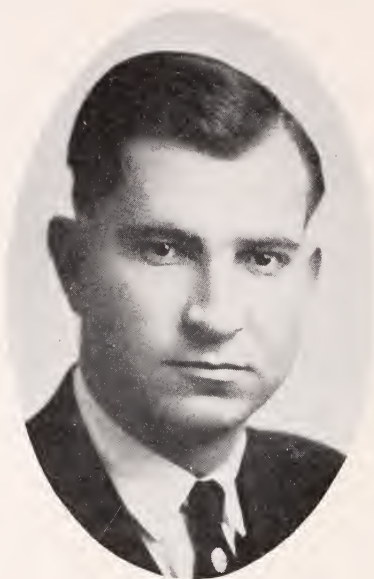
WHAT IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION WORTH?

At the present time there are thousands of young men of America who are working their way through college. Nearly all of them are doing so because they have not ready financial means, but very few do so otherwise. Not many years ago such a thing was impossible; now it is altogether practicable. And why? Because the manhood of America has ambition and the undying spirit of the "go getter" that overcomes all obstacles. They are willing to work for the education because they know its value is worth the efforts.

The growing tendency of the young college men is to have a "good time" so to speak and that above everything else. That spirit is more manifest among those who have their way paid through college. The explanation is simply—they do not know the value of a college education. As a result the hard earned money of fathers is being thrown to waste. The father, perhaps, did not get the college education himself but he wanted his son to have all the benefits he could give him and that is the son's return.

A college education is worth something, but the value is different, according to the amount of energy expended to secure it. Do not be mistaken. It is the college graduate who **knows the value of his education** that leads the world and his fellowman. It would be a God-send and a blessing to the world, as well as to the individual, if more young men worked their way through to the goal of their ambition with an understanding of that which they are receiving.





N. J. WEBB

The month of February dawns on the High School with a vacancy in its faculty. Mr. N. J. Webb, Athletic Director and teacher of Chemistry is leaving.

Mr. Webb is a native of Isle of Wight County, Virginia, which is just across the historical James. He attended William and Mary College and there received his B. A. degree in 1918. His college career was interrupted for the period of the War, during which time he served in the Navy.

In the Fall of 1918, Mr. Webb became a member of our faculty. He took the duties of Athletic Director and teacher of Chemistry. During his teaching career he has studied Law and has been admitted to the Bar.

Mr. Webb has shown much interest in Athletics. In college he participated successfully in all phases of sports; perhaps doing his best work in football. When he came to our school he took charge of all the High School Athletics. For four years he has turned out remarkably successful teams in football, basketball and baseball. His football teams have shown his work. His teams did not suffer defeat from the beginning of his work in the Fall of 1918 until November, 1921, when Maury won from us with the score of 7 to 0. This record of practically four years without defeat is almost unparalleled in the history of high school football.

It is with the deepest regret that we lose Mr. Webb, and at the same time we are sure that Newport News High School has, and does, appreciate what its athletic mentor and faculty member has done for it. In him we lose a man of rare parts and we know that if he pursues his practice of Law with the same niterest and zeal that he has performed his duties while with us, he will have an overwhelming success. Luck to you, Mr. Webb! We, the school, are behind you.



HARRY W. BALDWIN

To Mr. Harry Baldwin, Physical Director of the Newport News Public Schools, the students of the High School owe a great deal for the success of the team. He has put forth untiring efforts and has given a great deal of his time that the school might attain a high standard in Interscholastic Athletics.

Mr. Baldwin is a native of New Jersey. He attended Lehigh Valley Academy, Bordentown Military Academy, Seton Hall College, Columbia University, graduate Pittsburgh Military Training Camp, 3rd Officers' Training School, 1st Corps School Newark Normal School for Physical Education.

He has been Director of Play Grounds, Newark, N. J.; Assistant Coach, East Side High School, Newark, N. J.; Director of Athletics, St. Benedicts Prep. School; Instructor of Physical Education, Newark Normal School; Athletic Officer, 115th Infantry, U. S. A., A. E. F.; member of football team, 29th Division; Company Commander, 115th Infantry, A. E. F.

Mr. Baldwin is a registered official in hockey, football, basketball, track, and several other sports. The school is very fortunate in having such a man to coach its teams.



MISS GRACE WOODS

Faculty Supervisor of Journalism

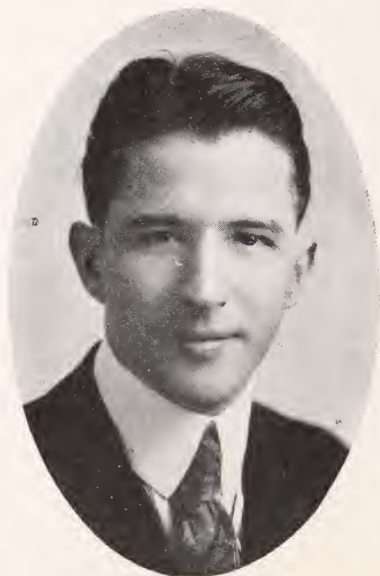
Miss Woods, who is a graduate of the University of Illinois, became a member of the faculty of the High School last year, teaching the 4-B English classes and the Journalism group. She was made director of the **Beacon** and has been the champion of the school in producing a paper that ranks as high as any in the State. Every one likes her and the February Class gives her its best wishes for success in whatever she undertakes.

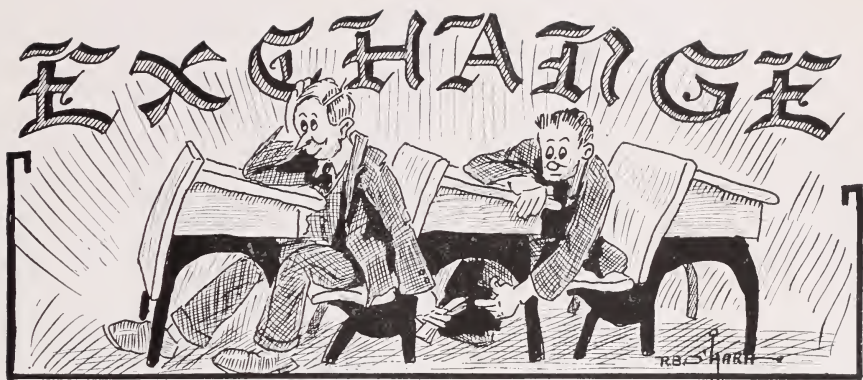
MR. WILLIAM H. BOYER

Faculty Business Advisor

Mr. Boyer is a graduate of William and Mary, leaving that institution in 1920. He came to the High School last September as a teacher in the English Department. He was made business advisor to the **Beacon** and has been very active in all school activities, being the supervisor of both the Philolethian and Eureka Literary Societies.

Mr. Boyer has been a friend to all members of the graduating class and it is with sincere regret that we leave him behind us.





SUMMARY OF EXCHANGES

FOR SEMESTER 1922-23

California

Mirror, San Francisco.
Sentinal, Los Angeles.

Colorado

Booster, Calhan.
Panther, Delta.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.

Deleware

Academion, Dover.

Washington, D. C.

College

Emersonion, Washington, D. C.

Florida

Gulf Hi-Life, New Port Richey.
Oracle, Bradentown.
Spokesman, Plant City.
Red and Black, Tampa.

Illinois

Tiger, Princeton.

Indiana

Buget, Berne.
Black and White, Sheridan.
Ink Pot, Green Castle.
Jeff Booster, La Fayette.
Pennant, Lebannon.
Temulac, Hammond.

Iowa

Black Hawk, Davenport.
Newtonia, Newton.
Purple and Gray, Burlington.

Kansas

Buget, Lawrence.

Kentucky

High School

Somerset Idea, Somerset.

College

Bulletin, Georgetown.

Maryland—College

Oriole, Baltimore.

Michigan

Central Student, Detroit.

Minnesota

Gleam, St. Paul.
Milachi, Milachi.
Star of the North, Virginia.
Palaris Weekly, Minneapolis.

Nebraska

Industrial School Times, Kearney.
Tooter, Omaha.
X-Ray, Fairburg.

New Jersey

Shield, Haddonfield.
Spectator, Trenton.

New York—College
Vindex, Elmira.

North Carolina

High School
Pointer, High Point.

College
Maroon and Gold, Elon.

Ohio—High Schools
Blue and Gold, Huntsville.
Forge, Akron.
Look-a-Head, Norwalk.
X-Ray, Columbus.

College
Mirror, Columbus.

Oklahoma
Poncan, Ponca City.

Oregon
Bud, Parkrose Portland.
Clarion, Salem.

Pennsylvania

High Schools
Red and Blue, Jenkintown.
Spectrum, Chester.
Utelum, Darby.
Torch, Philadelphia.
Western, Philadelphia.

College
The Tattler, Wilkes-Barrie.

South Carolina
Carlisle, Banburg.

Texas

High School
Burleson Burr,, Greenville.

College
Shorthorn, Arlington.

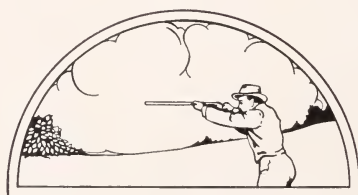
Virginia

High Schools
Bumble Bee, Charlottesville.
Galax School News, Galax.
Huntington Mirror, Newport News.
Last Lap, Alexandria.
Missile, Petersburg.
Norhigh News, Norton.
Record, Staunton.
Student, Portsmouth.
Virginian, Norfolk.
Wenonah War Whoop, Basic.

Prep Schools
Bayonet, Fort Defiance.
"C. Q.", Waynesboro.
Chronicle, Alexandria.
Pine Needle, Richmond.

Colleges
Brackety-Ack, Roanoke.
Collegian, Richmond.
College Topics, Charlottesville.
Critograph, Lynchburg.
Flat Hat, Williamsburg.
Virginia Tech., Blacksburg.
Yellow Jacket, Ashland.

West Virginia
Book Strap, Charleston.



Young Women's Christian Association

For High School Girls

Congratulations
to the
February
Class of
1923

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Centers
of
Fellowship
and
Service

For High School Boys

Young Men's Christian Association

1 SCHOOL CALENDAR 1 -B. B. B.-

September 11.—School opens with great enrollment of 900. Beacon makes its initial appearance of the year.

September 14.—Literary Societies elect officers.

September 18.—Student Council elects officers. Hugh Brown, President, Douglas Petty, Vice-President, and Lucile Hunnicutt, Secretary.

September 19.—Orchestra begins work under direction of Mr. Christiansen and Mr. Neilsen.

September 20.—Football squad holds first scrimmage.

September 29.—Newport News smothers Cape Charles 55 to 0.

October 7.—High School beats South Norfolk on a muddy field 18 to 0.

October 10.—Beacon enters "American Boy" contest.

October 13.—Friday the 13th! N. N. H. S. is defeated by Portsmouth.

October 21.—B. M. A. falls before great onslaught of the Webbmen, 15-6.

October 24.—Coach Ingram of William and Mary visits the school.

October 27.—Maury is the next victim of the Old High, 12 to 6.

November 4.—Big team wins again from Petersburg 33 to 6.

November 10.—N. N. H. S. sweeps to glorious victory over ancient rivals of Hampton, 6 to 0.

November 30.—John Marshall takes its first Turkey Game from the Gold and Blue 20 to 6.

December 6.—Newport News loses Tidewater Championship to Portsmouth "Steam Roller," 6 to 3.

December 7.—Coach Dobson of Richmond University visits school with Waverly Jones.

December 21.—Christmas Holidays begin.

January 2.—Work starts again after fine vacation.

January 12.—Girls basketball team ties with Suffolk 15 to 15. 4-A's put across drive for the Orchestra.

January 13.—Boys win first basketball game of the season from Cape Charles.

January 19.—Girls team walks all over Oceana.

January 20.—Boys trounce South Norfolk quint.

January 25.—Examinations begin.

January 31.—Promotion day.

C=A=D=W=E=L=L='S

The house of dependable hardware, paints and varnishes
Our Specialties: Builders' Hardware and Chi-Namel Paints and
Varnishes. If you want anything in quality
hardware or paints we are here
to serve you.

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Sweet Cream

Ice Cream

Creamery Butter

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FAREWELL

Four long, busy, yet happy years have we, the class of February '23, spent within the walls of the Newport News High School. Years that have been crowded with advancements, achievements, and victories; years overflowing with that spark of spirit that so characterizes the students of the Walter Reed High School; that spirit which has deemed nothing hard or unconquerable.

During that time we have come to know Our School much better than anyone can imagine, we have worked with her, played with her, borne her sorrows and defeats, rejoiced in her gladness and victories. We have seen her when she was still obscure, we have seen her rise to the foremost rank, and I can say, to the highest rank of any school in the State of Virginia—and now—we, having given four years of service, must depart—must leave her at the height of success—a success to which we gave our greatest labor and fondest hopes. We leave her now, but only in a corporal sense—for our spirit shall forever hover over this famous “Old Brick Edifice.”

We go, now, into the larger school of Life—some to college, others to business—but we all go imbued with that great spirit which is embodied in the “Old Gold and Dark Blue.” We shall find it hard to leave, but with renewed courage and unending effort we shall resolve that—we shall endeavor with all our strength and power to make our beloved High School proud—to say the least—of us, her sons and daughters, the members of the Class of February, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three.

We, the graduating class, expect great things of you, who are yet to graduate. We feel that you will not disappoint us—you will carry Newport ever onward—you shall better our past achievements, create others and by your untiring efforts and honest devotion keep that grand old school ever in the limelight—keep her at the top. She must be, and she shall be, in the foremost ranks in this state and in other states.

NATHAN PATZ,

February, '23.

Reyner & Son, Inc.

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VEGETABLES

FRUITS

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Branch Yard: Chestnut Avenue and C. & O. Ry. Phone 90

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Newport News Furniture Co.
3007 - 3009 WASHINGTON AVENUE INC.
HAPPY HOME FURNISHERS

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JOKES

"Mabel is a decided blond, isn't she?"

"Yes, I was with her the day she decided."

"I didn't sleep a wink last night."
"Caesar's ghost!"
"No, mince pie."

"Can you give me a job os floor walker?" asked the tired looking man.

"What experience have you had?"
"Three sets of twins."

Members of the Naval Board were examining young applicants for appointments to a naval college.

"Well," said an old admiral to one of the young youths, "what must an officer be before he can have a funeral with full naval honors?"

"Dead," answered the youth.

"Been to church this morning, shorty?"

"Do my clothes look like they had been slept in?"

Landlady: "Did you ring?"

Boarder: "Yes, unfortunately I dropped my sponge in the bath tub and soaked up all the water, may I have some more?"

Boy: "How often does your line kill a man?"

Conductor: "Just once."

"Is pants singular or plural?"

"If a man wears 'em it's plural?"

"Well, if he doesn't?"

"It's singular."

Fresh: "What's that bump on your forehead?"

Senior: "Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

"Why does a blush creep over a girl's face?"

"If it ran it would kick up too much dust."

"Where was Napoleon crowned?"

"At Waterloo."

"And by whom?"

"The Duke of Wellington."

Boy: "Barber, have you ever shaved a crazy man?"

Barber: "No, but climb in the chair. I'll do my best."

Some sap wants to know how to patch the inner tube in a doughnut.

"Who can tell me the National air of Italy?"

"Garlic."

"Ma, shall I say pants or trousers?"

"Trousers, dear," said the mother.

"Well, then, I think somebody had better give Fido some water, he trousers dreadfully."

Actor: "What are the rates in this hotel?"

Clerk: "Three dollars up. In your case three dollars down."



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you at your best.

SPECIAL RATES
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TELEPHONE 1848

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"What do you boys talk about after the dance?"

"The same thing you girls talk about."

"Oh! you horrid things."

"What is a modernist painter?"

"An artist who would paint Paul Revere riding through Middlesex in a Ford."

A sign in a restaurant:

"Don't make fun of our coffee, you may be old and feeble yourself, some day."

Boy's Essay on the Frog

What a wonderful bird the frog are.
When he stand he sit, almost.
When he hop, he fly, almost.
He ain't got no sense hardly.
He ain't got no tail, hardly, either.
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't
got almost.

Miss R. (in French): "Who can say I have a cow?"

Felix W. (Brilliantly): "Je suis une vache." (I am a cow)

Miss W.: "Come to me after school."

Nathan P.: "What for?"

Miss W.: "For forty minutes."

"Fellow tax dodgers," began the candidate.

And that put him in-right with the audience at the start.

"This fellow reminds me of a boat."

"Yes, every time he gets full, he has to be bailed out."

Teacher: "What country did the Scots settle?"

Callis: "Scotland."

Teacher: "Right. What country did the Picts settle?"

Callis: "Picadilly."

Co-incidence

Teacher: "Give me a good example of co-incidence."

Fresh: "My father and mother were married the same day."

R. Edwards. "Nick ate something that poisoned him!"

Ballard. "Croquette?"

R. E.: "Not yet, but he's pretty sick."

Young flapper. "I don't care what the style is, I'm not going to wear my skirts any longer."

Salesman: "Use discretion and don't begin here."

Nathan Patz: "What's the formula for sea water, Charlie?"

Charlie Cohen: "CH₂O."

Dan Patrick. "How much did that shine cost?"

Willie Radin: "Ten cents."

Dan Patrick: "Gee whiz, that guy would paint a barn for a quarter."

Stude: "Which end shall I get off at?"

Conductor: "It's all the same to me; both ends stop."

Miss J.: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Pupil (after three minutes silence): "At the bottom."

"What's that noise I hear down in the library?"

"Oh, that's only history repeating itself."

Dumb is Right

"Boy, call me a taxi."

"All right; you're a taxi."

Son: "Dad, what is a bigamist?"

Father: "A bigamist is a man who makes the same mistake twice."

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Careful Cleaners for Careful People

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"Lane" Moth-proof Cedar Chests and "Buckwater" Heaters and Ranges.

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Between You and Me

Between you and me, gentle reader (that's a good start, ain't it?) I spect about the greatest commencement exercises during the month of February will be the longing to be back in the "Old High" again, by some of these students who are trying to convince others that they sure will be glad to get out.

Speaking of the greatest things to happen in the month of February, I imagine that there will be several great surprises among the members of the class when they find that they are really going to graduate.

After entering into the metaphysical profundities and after having made a most thorough and minute examination of the matter, for it is indeed a broad, not to mention an intricate one, I have been forced to the conclusion that should I be allowed to make a comment upon the works of the world's poets, I should pronounce them all too broadminded and deep, in other words, I fear that they have not delved with the lighter and more humorous side of life as they might have done. Now, fair reader, this is why I have arrived at the conclusion just mentioned. In endeavoring to scrape up ideas about this year's *Between You and Me*, some one suggested that I try to put the class into a poem, in other words, that I take some well known poem and insert the names of different persons in the class in the said poem and thus create a diversion, but lo! search as I may (rather as I did) I could find nothing half humorous enough to be of any use.

It is fast becoming a national race between the sections of the country as to who can have the most sensational murder. If it keeps on the time will not be far off when it reaches the High Schools of the country, although it will certainly not be published in the high school papers as it is in the National ones. (The schools value good journalism too much). What we would like to know is this: Why hasn't some inventive mind formed a Newspaper Syndicate, for the work of securing the first news of a murder, etc. In other words, how does it happen that the newspapers aren't offering large sums of money to any person who contemplates committing murder, the money to be paid in two installments, the first part on the receipt of the particulars of the comming murder, motive and time, etc., and the last installment to be paid as soon as the murder is committed, provided the murderer has told no other paper. I am sure it would be found a paying investment and would liven up the numbers immensely.

It will undoubtedly prove interesting, to those coming back next semester, to watch the girls wearing pink rose buds at the commencement exercises and then watch the boys, during the remainder of the month of February.

The saying that you can't have a war without it affecting the entire world sure has proved true recently. Even here in Newport News, we have been having a war (on the rats), and it has proved very demoralizing to the High School alone. In fact, the freshmen have, of late, had quite a haunted look on their faces since the "War on rats" was started.

At the rate that some of the High

CHAPIN & BOWEN, Inc.

Established 1890

137 29th Street

PHONE 3

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Lowest Rates

Everybody's Friend—

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"The Big Store"
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THE VIRGIL CLAVIER

A wonderful aid in the study of
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In use at the

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School boys hang around the dance halls it seems that instead of playing Home, Sweet Home at the end of the dance they should play it at the first to call the dancers to the hall.

Does the student body want a new High School? We'll say they do! Do you think that the boys would have pulled weeds for an entire day and not have had some great motive behind them?

Tragic

Visitor: "What does the Chaplain do?"

Freshman. "Oh, he looks over the student body every morning in chapel and then prays for the college."

Cop: "Stop! Don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Guilty One: "Well, I am only going one way, ain't I?"

Privileged Characters

Mr. Updike (to Willis Shell wearing his hat in the hall): "Take off your hat, you're not a member of the football team, are you?"

Small Indeed

Pupil: "I am indebted to you for all I know."

Teaceh: "Don't mention it, it's a mere trifle."

Soph: "When is a sofa not a sofa?"

Fresh: "When it's a spoon-holder."

CLASS DICTIONARY

REVISED 1923

- A is for Andrews, President of our class.
- B is for Blanton, a meek little lass.
- C is for Cohen, whose inches are few.
- D is for Daughtrey, whose number is two.
- E is for Edwards, our famous class Sheik.
- F stands for French, whose "Ou, La, Las" we shreik.
- G is for Garris, an athletic little miss.
- H is for Hilling, T. C's one hope and bliss.
- I is for the Ideals, that have helped us reach our goal.
- J is for Jones, a true counsellor and keeper on our roll.
- K is for Kandy, which makes our girls so sweet.
- L is for Levinson and Levy, a good pair and hard to beat.
- M is for Massenburg, a good sport and fine guy.
- N is for Nachman, a miss very pleasing to the eye.
- O stands for the Zero's, we seek but never find.
- P is for Patrick, Palmer and Pierce, three gentlemen of a kind.
- Q stands for Question, we all like to ask.
- R is for Radin, a hercules at any task.
- S is for Scoll, a maiden who qualifies in every test.
- T stands for our Teachers who have done their best.
- U stands for our class **United**, strong in the past.
- V is for Victory, we have accomplished at last.
- W is for Wills, our cutest little dear, and
- X Y Z stands for the number missing here.

NATHAN PATZ,

February, '23.

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Meats, Fruits and Produce

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NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

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HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS—

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AND CROSSET SHOES

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In the Senior Class

You never hear (?)—

Margaret Chandler asking questions.
 Carl Andrews giving advice.
 Charlie Cohen kicking up a fuss.
 Lucile Hunnicutt laughing.
 Allene Miller talking in Assembly.
 Lorena Hilling protesting about long assignments.
 Milton Massenburg telling a joke.
 Nathan Patz talking to Selma Scoll.
 George Pierce making funny remarks.
 Any noise at Class meetings.
 Teachers calling for order.

Or see (?)—

James Palmer eating candy.
 Gladys Edwards powdering her nose.
 Willie Radin studying hard.
 Felix Weinhold playing lazy.
 Raymond Edwards with "a girl."
 Ethel Davis, Catherine Blanton and
 Sadie Levinson with a Latin book.
 Ella Nachman coming in late.
 May Parker in a good humor.
 A girl with a looking glass and powder puff.
 Our President mad at Class meetings.

Before and After

As the old darkey said, "A chicken am de most usefulest animal dere be, yo' can eat him before he am bohn' and aftah he am dead."—Life.

Miss W.: "Why haven't you turned in your report card?"

Mike Byrnes: "I haven't signed it yet."

Duck: "Was that a new girl I saw you with last night?"

Bick: "Nope, just an old one painted over."

Prof. (in Biology): "If you examine a dog's lungs under a microscope, what do you find?"

Scintillating Scion of Society: "The seat of his pants."

Mr. Alexander (in assembly reading Bible). "And Nebuchadnezzar said—Charlie take you feet down!"

Mistress of House: "Yes, I can give you a job. You may gather the eggs if you are sure you won't take any."

Hobo: "Youse could trust me with anything, lady. I was manager of a bath house for fifteen months and never took a bath."—The Spokesman.

Irate Wife: "And how did you get that cut on your forehead?"

Envied Gent: "Musta-hic-bit myself."

I. W.: "Oh, heavens! How could you bite yourself up there?"

E. G.: "I guesh I musta stood on a shair."—Monthly Chronicle.

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ARE SYNONOMOUS

Buy Music From a Music Store

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FROM BOTTLES

The Better Way

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Newrich: "I want my portrait painted."

Artist: "In oils?"

Newrich: "What d'yer take me for a sardine?"

Olwen: "Some of the things said over the wires are not fit to hear."

Tuldo: "You can't expect to fool with electricity and nat get shocked."

"How can you tell that Noah made beer?"

"The kangaroo and the frog went with hops and the bear was always bruin."

New Boarder: "Where's the knife with this pie?"

Mrs. Hash (loftily): "We don't serve a knife with the pie here."

N. B.: "Well, gimme an axe then."

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

1st Cullud Pusson: "An' did they evah play cahds in dis yere stone age?"

2nd Cullud Pusson: "Nuthin' else but, niggah, an' clubs was always trumps."—The Spectrum.

Undecided

The dizzy one: "Pleash shir, my watch hash sthopped, and can you tell me ish this Main Sthreet or Wenshday?"—Wasp.

"What is a coat of mail?"

"It's a Knight-Shirt."—Red and Blue.

He: "A kiss speaks volumes."

"She: "Are you collecting a library?"

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EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, President

The Training Ground of all the People

Departments Represented: The College, Graduate Studies, Education, Engineering, Law, Medicine, The Summer Quarter. Also Degree Courses in Fine Arts, Architecture, Business and Commerce. Tuition in Academic Departments free to Virginians. All expenses reduced to a minimum. Loan funds available for men and women.

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As you are the prinicpal reader of the **Beacon** please tell your parents and others that we sell Real Estate, write Fire Insurance, and make Loans, and that this is the place to deal.

Yours truly,

Powell Trust Company, Inc.

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28th Street and Huntington Avenue
Phone 129

Cigars, Tobaccos, Soda, Candies,
Films, School Supplies
Ice Cream Soda Free to Newport
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WE CARRY WINCHESTER BASE-
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None better at any price
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Newport News, Va.

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"NARROW" CALLIS, Piano

Virginians

R. A. CALLIS, Jr.

213 Forty-seventh Street, Newport News, Va.

PHONE 232

"MONK" WILSON, Drums

"BUB" HALEY, Banjo

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Buy your

CLASS RINGS AND PINS

From

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for

HUSKY SCHOOL GIRLS

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